

MARVEL

**LIMITED
SERIES**

1 OF 5

REED
WEEKS
GAUDIANO
KEITH

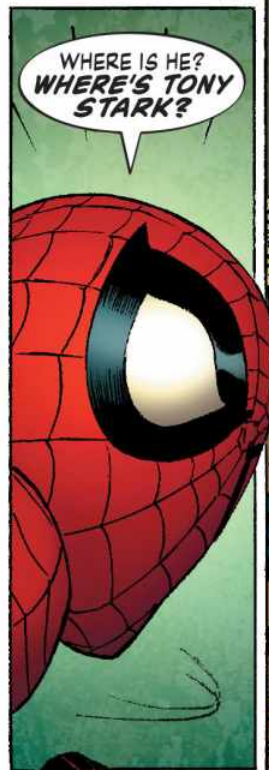
CAPTAIN MARVEL

**1ST
ISSUE**







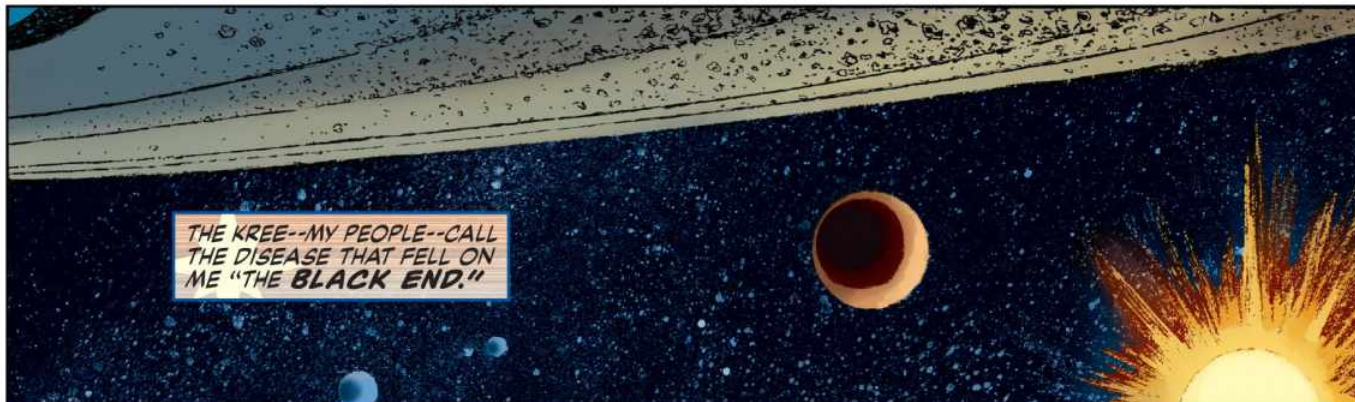




MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

CAPTAIN MARVEL

1: I AM HERE



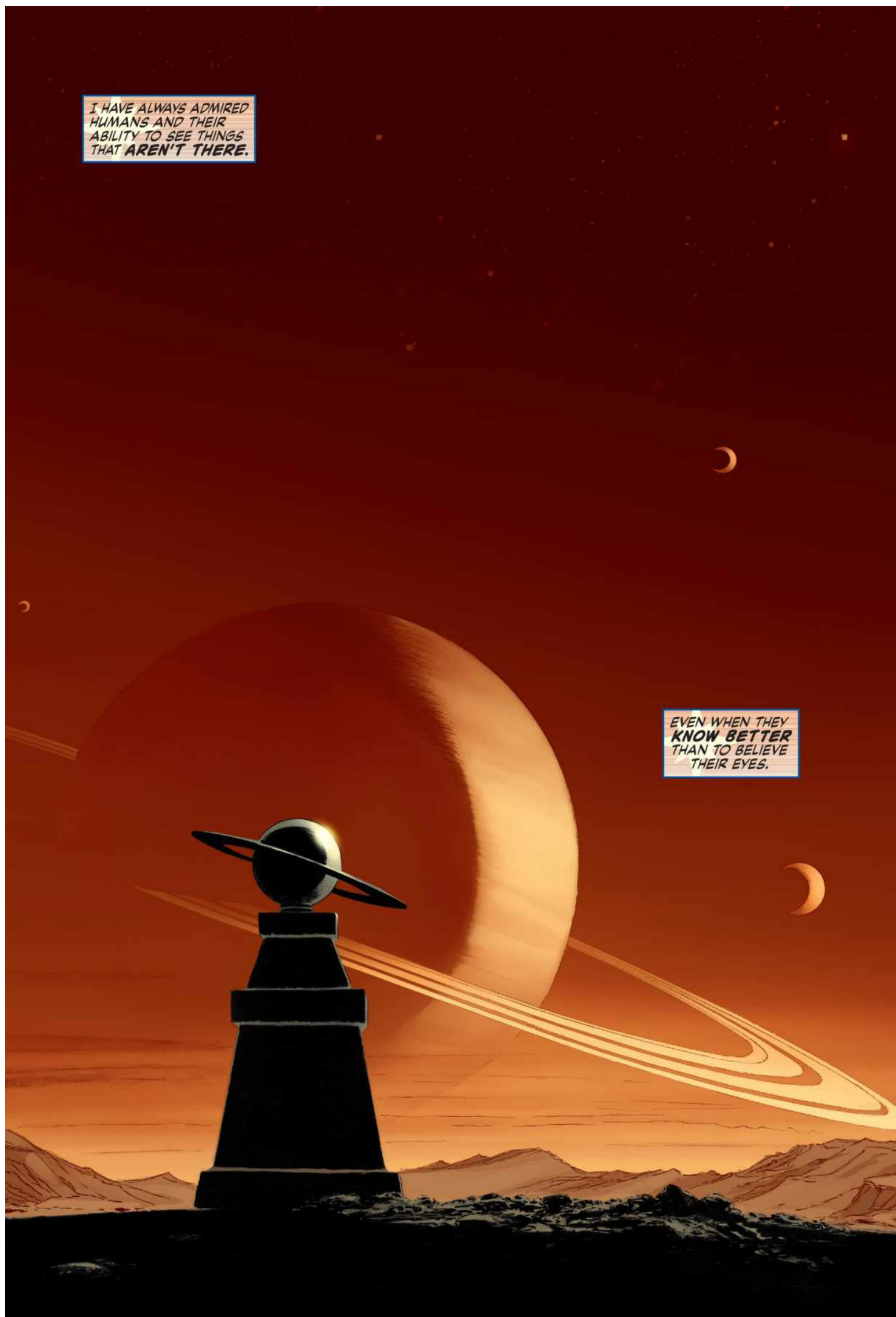
BRIAN REED: WRITER
LEE WEEKS: PENCILER
STEFANO GAUDIANO: INKS
JASON KEITH: COLORS
TODD KLEIN: LETTERS

ED McGUINNESS, DEXTER VINES
AND JASON KEITH: COVER
THOMAS BRENNAN: ASSISTANT EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER: EDITOR
JOE QUESADA: EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY: PUBLISHER

ON EARTH IT IS KNOWN AS
CANCER BECAUSE WHEN THE
HUMAN **HIPPOCRATES** FIRST
SAW IT, HE THOUGHT IT LOOKED
LIKE **CARCINOS**--A **CRAB.**

I HAVE ALWAYS ADMIRERD
HUMANS AND THEIR
ABILITY TO SEE THINGS
THAT **AREN'T THERE.**

EVEN WHEN THEY
KNOW BETTER
THAN TO BELIEVE
THEIR EYES.





THE LOUVRE
MUSEUM,
FRANCE.

TAKE ART. THE KREE
HAVE ART. WE HAVE SOME
BEAUTIFUL ART.

BUT WE DO NOT
ADMIRE IT ON AS
MANY LEVELS
AS HUMANS CAN.

A PAINTING IS A MIXTURE OF OILS
AND PIGMENTS, SPREAD ACROSS
A CANVAS WITH DIFFERENT
STROKES DEPENDING ON THE
MOOD THE CREATOR WAS TRYING
TO EXPRESS.

KREE ADMIRE THIS
TECHNICAL SKILL
AND NOT MUCH ELSE.

HUMANS, THOUGH, THEY CAN
LOOK AT THOSE SMUDGES
AND SMEARS AND SEE
PICTURES OF HOPE OR SAD-
NESS, VICTORY OR DEFEAT.

A GOOD PIECE OF ART
MOVES THE VIEWER.
MAKES THEM THINK
AND FEEL.

MAKES THEM HEAR THE
TRUE MESSAGE OF THE
ARTIST. THE ONLY MES-
SAGE THAT MATTERS.

"I AM HERE," THEY
SAY FROM BEYOND
THE CENTURIES.

"I MADE THIS HAPPEN."



THE SOUND OF
BREAKING
GLASS
COMES FIRST.



THEN THE SOUND
OF WIND--NEAR-
DEAFENING.



AND WITH
THE WIND...
SOMETHING
ELSE.

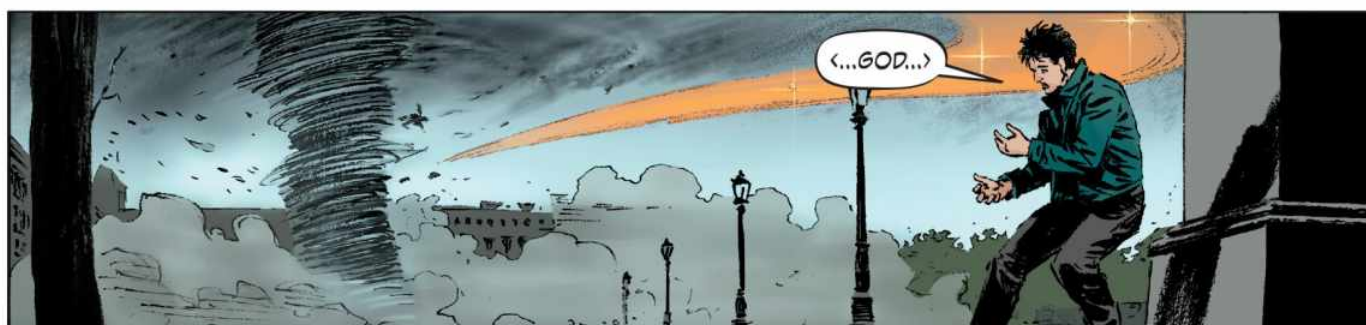
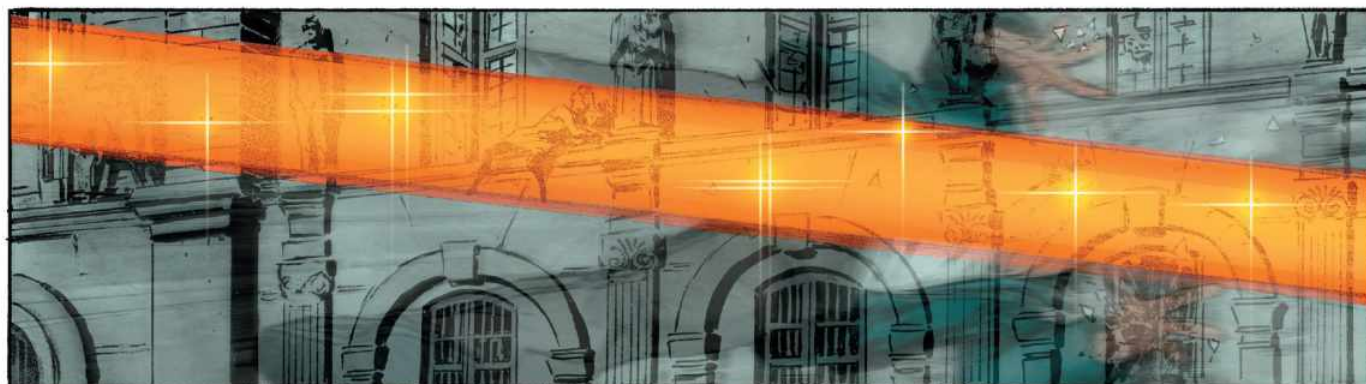
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SOMETHING FLAT
AND WET THAT
REPEATS OVER
AND OVER AGAIN.

AT FIRST I
CAN'T FIGURE
OUT WHAT IT IS.

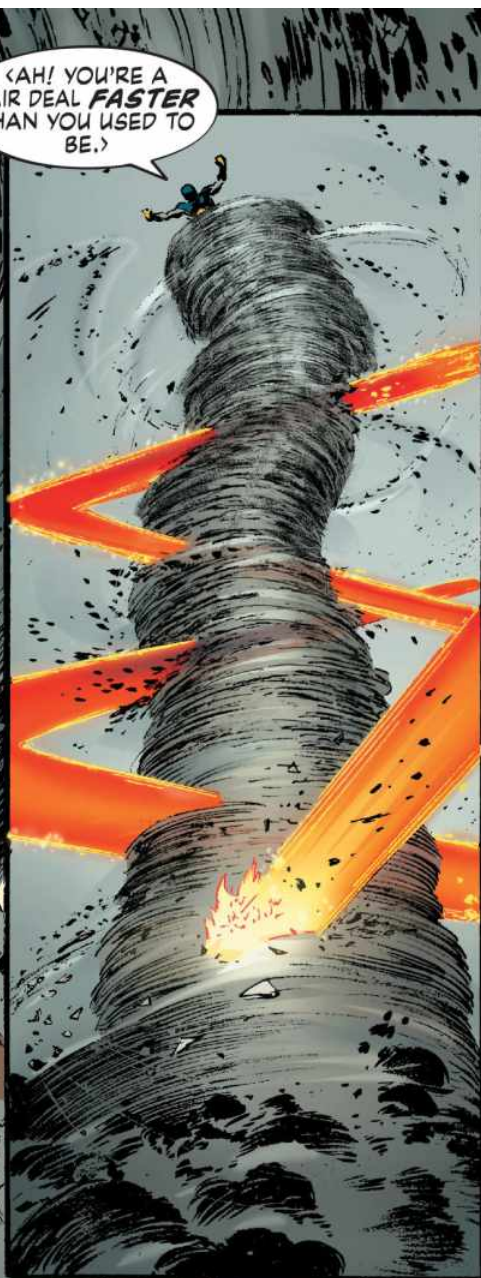
<MY...>



<...GOD...>



«WHERE ARE YOU?! I KNOW YOU'RE HERE **SOMEWHERE**. I COULD SNE--»



«AH! YOU'RE A FAIR DEAL **FASTER** THAN YOU USED TO BE.»



«WHO ARE YOU THAT YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME?»

«I AM **ANDRÉ GERARD.**»

«CALL ME **CYCLONE!**»

«I HAVE COME TO **KILL** AS MANY AS I CAN WITH THE POWER OF





FOR JUST A
SECOND...



...I THINK ABOUT
FLYING DOWN AND
GRABBING HIM.

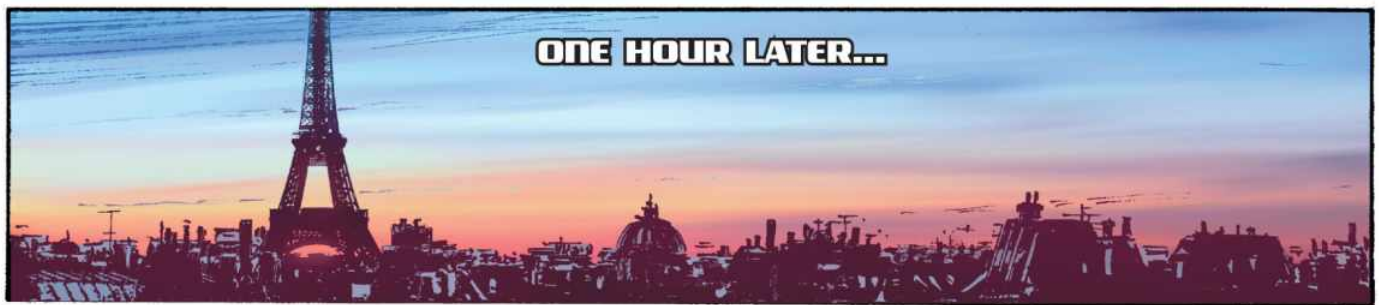


BUT IN THE END...

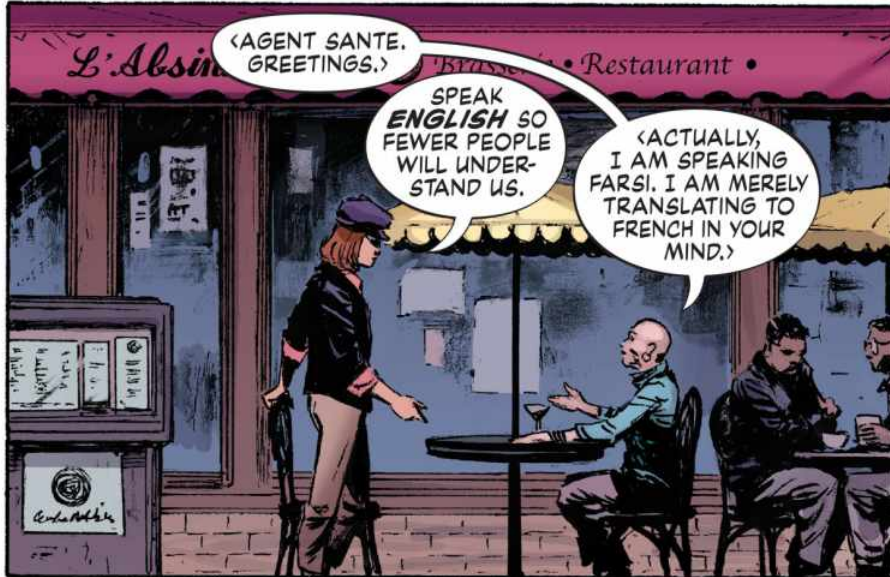


...I DECIDE
AGAINST IT.

SPLTCH



ONE HOUR LATER...



<AGENT SANTE. GREETINGS.>

SPEAK **ENGLISH** SO FEWER PEOPLE WILL UNDERSTAND US.

<ACTUALLY, I AM SPEAKING FARSI. I AM MERELY TRANSLATING TO FRENCH IN YOUR MIND.>



FAIR ENOUGH. LET'S GET THIS GOING, SHALL WE?



<CERTAINLY.>

<INITIATING PSYCHIC CONTACT WITH NEW YORK...>

<...AND HELLO THERE!>



<FINE. YOURSELF?>

<GOOD.>

<YES, READY WHEN YOU ARE.>

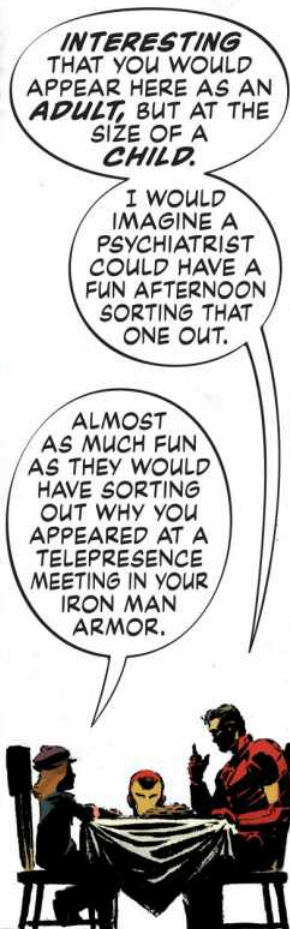
<AGENT SANTE, THIS WILL BE EASIER FOR YOU IF YOU THINK OF SOMEPLACE **PLEASANT.**>

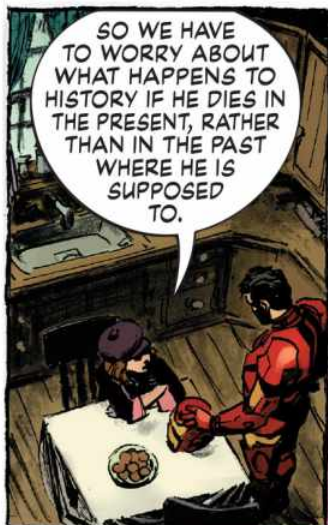
<SOMEWHERE THAT YOU HAVE KNOWN TRUE HAPPINESS.>

OKAY.



<DIRECTOR STARK WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.>







IT IS
NOT SAFE
FOR ANYONE
HERE.

I...

THINGS
WEREN'T LIKE **THIS**
BEFORE...

...THIS IS **NOT**
HOW YOUR WORLD
IS SUPPOSED TO
BE.

"AND MOTHER STARR...
SHE KNEW JUST AS
SOON AS HE LEFT--WE
HAVE **FAILED** HIM!"

"WE HAVE FAILED HIM
AND ALTHOUGH HE IS
ALIVE AGAIN, HE IS
SAD AT WHAT WE
HAVE BECOME!"

"HE IS SAD AND HE
HAS GONE AWAY
INTO THE SKY!"

WE MUST
MAKE HIM **HAPPY**
AGAIN! WE MUST
MAKE HIM **PROUD**
OF US AGAIN!

THEN HE
WILL RETURN TO US
FOR **GOOD!**

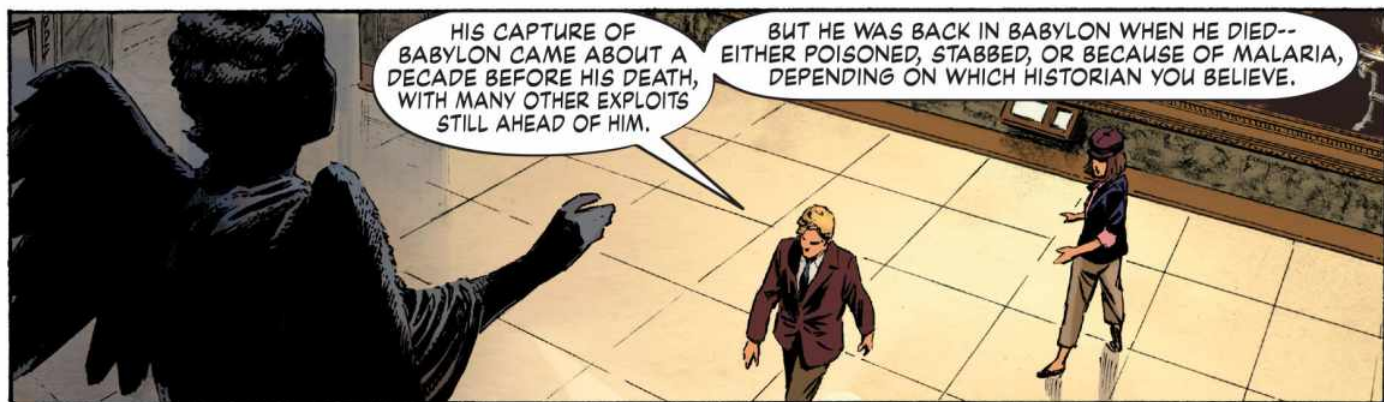
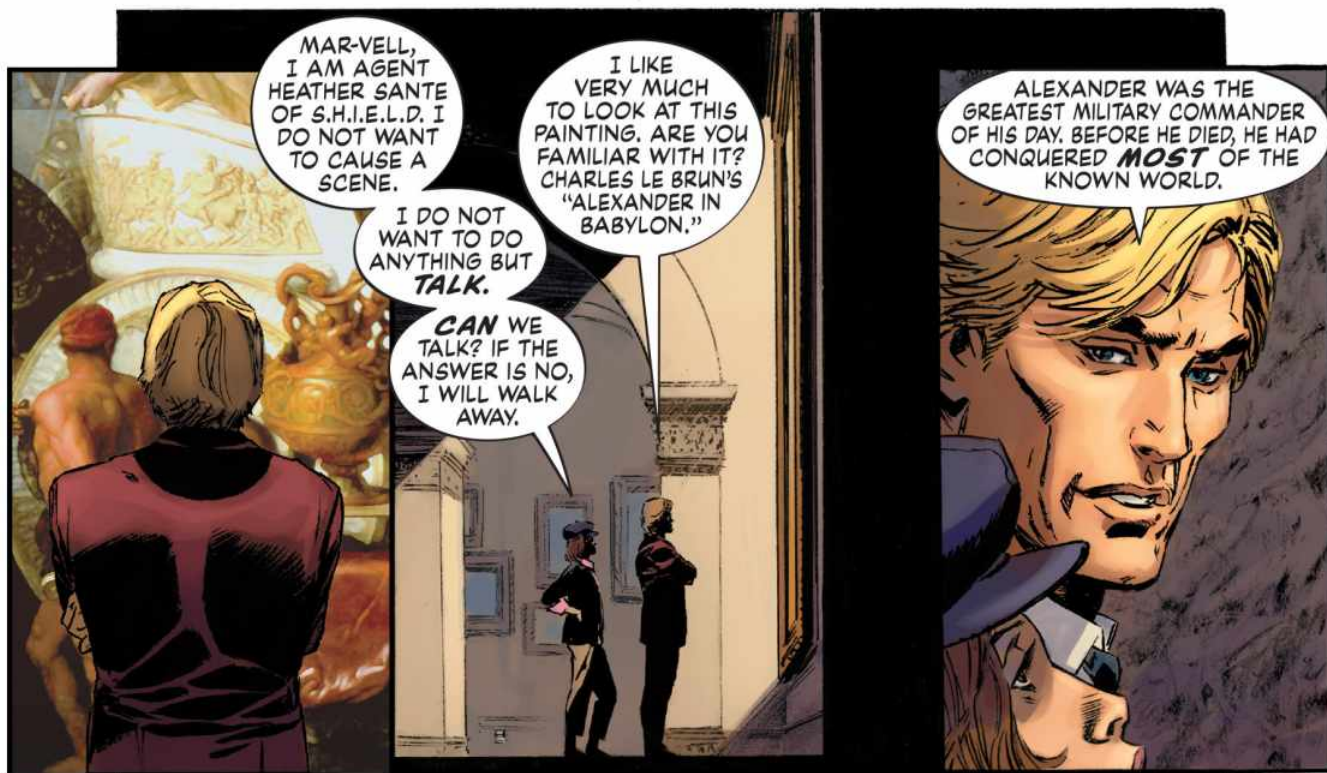
ALL
PRAISE
BE CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

THE
BROTHERHOOD
OF HALA WILL
MAKE THINGS
RIGHT!

ON THIS
I SWEAR!









TONY STARK WANTS ME TO COME HOME. HE'S WORRIED ABOUT THE FACT THAT I RAN OFF, AND HE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE I AM KEEPING MYSELF.

CORRECT?

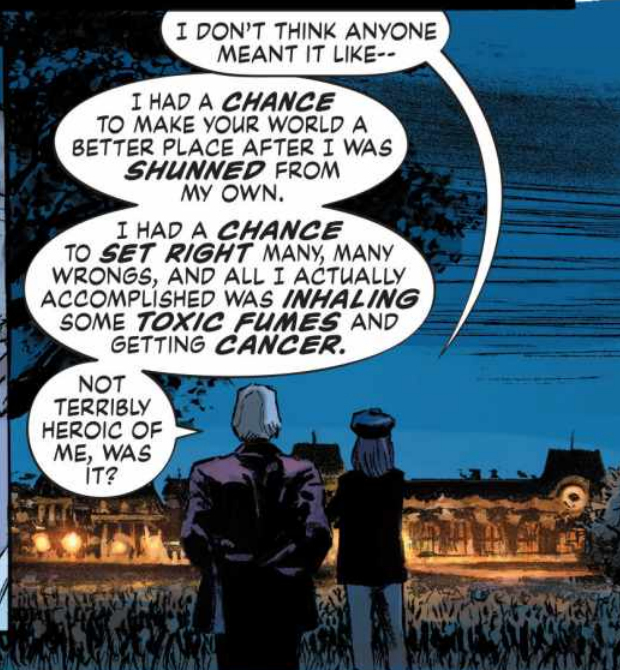


DIRECTOR STARK IS WORRIED THAT YOU MIGHT DISRUPT HISTORY.

THAT YOU MIGHT GET YOURSELF KILLED HERE IN THE PRESENT--



INSTEAD OF GOING HOME AND DYING IN MY BED IN THE PAST, THE PLACE I LEFT.

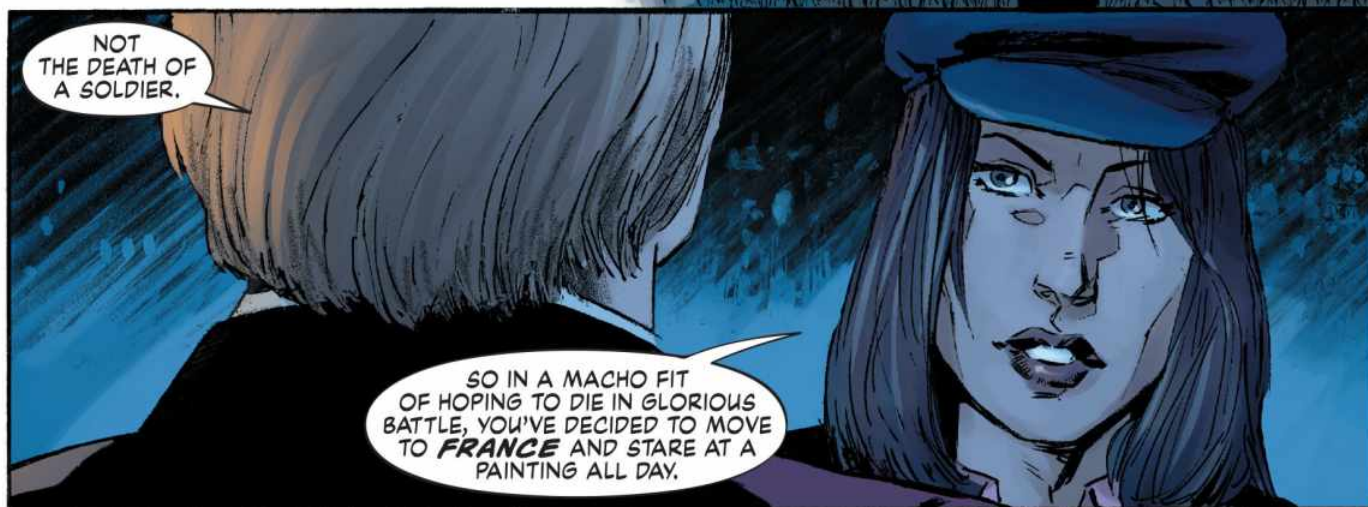


I DON'T THINK ANYONE MEANT IT LIKE--

I HAD A **CHANCE** TO MAKE YOUR WORLD A BETTER PLACE AFTER I WAS **SHUNNED** FROM MY OWN.

I HAD A **CHANCE** TO **SET RIGHT** MANY, MANY WRONGS, AND ALL I ACTUALLY ACCOMPLISHED WAS **INHALING** SOME **TOXIC FUMES** AND GETTING **CANCER**.

NOT TERRIBLY HEROIC OF ME, WAS IT?



NOT THE DEATH OF A SOLDIER.

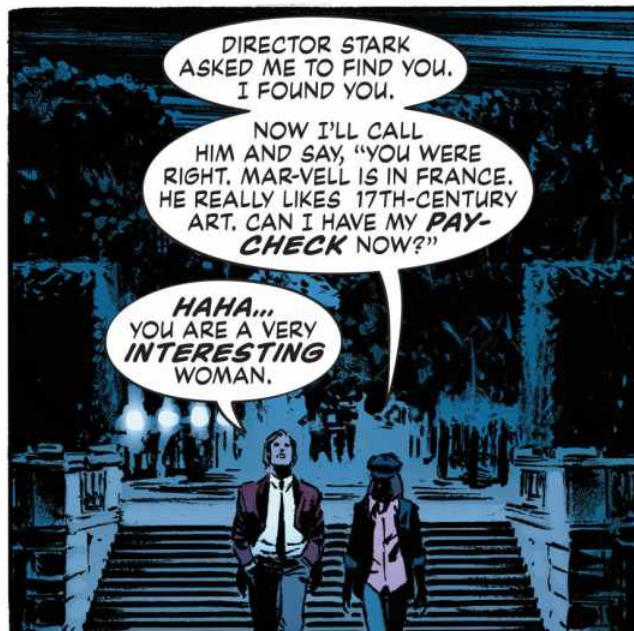
SO IN A MACHO FIT OF HOPING TO DIE IN GLORIOUS BATTLE, YOU'VE DECIDED TO MOVE TO **FRANCE** AND STARE AT A PAINTING ALL DAY.



IT IS **NOT** LIKE THAT.

IT IS **EXACTLY** LIKE THAT.

WHAT HAS TONY TASKED YOU WITH? BRINGING ME IN? HE WOULD HAVE HAD



DIRECTOR STARK ASKED ME TO FIND YOU. I FOUND YOU.

NOW I'LL CALL HIM AND SAY, "YOU WERE RIGHT. MAR-VELL IS IN FRANCE. HE REALLY LIKES 17TH-CENTURY ART. CAN I HAVE MY **PAY-CHECK** NOW?"

HAHA... YOU ARE A VERY **INTERESTING** WOMAN.

NEW YORK CITY — TWO DAYS LATER

WHAT I DID NOT TELL AGENT SANTS WAS THAT THERE ARE HOLES IN MY MEMORY.

HOLES THE PAINTING OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT SEEMS TO COVER UP.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN THAT PAINTING THAT I FEEL I HAVE YET TO SEE.

SOMETHING THAT I AM MEANT TO SEE.

AVENGERS ASSEMBLE!

BEFORE I CAME TO THIS TIME, I WAS IN A PLACE CALLED THE NEGATIVE ZONE, A WORLD BETWEEN WORLDS WHERE I...

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING THERE.

WHAM

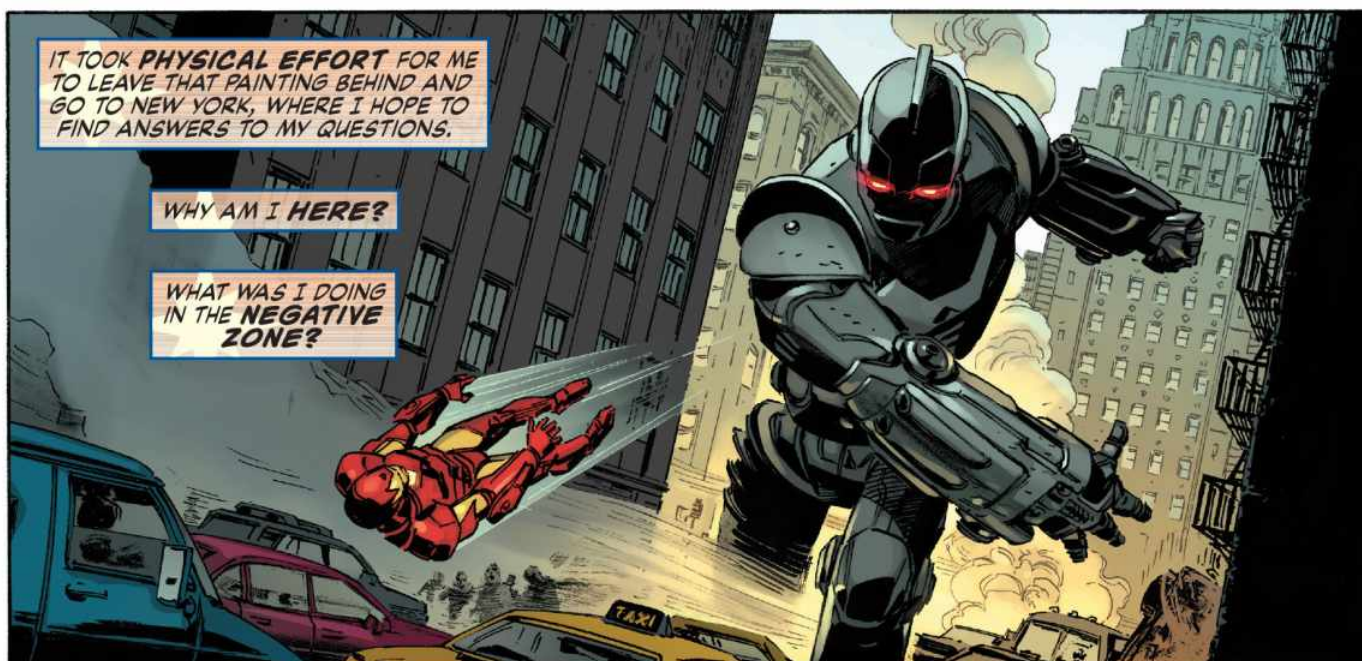
ARRGGH-- THIS THING IS FAST.

THAT IS WHERE THE AMNESIA BEGINS.

WHERE MY FEELING OF BEING LOST BEGINS.

A FEELING THAT THE PAINTING OF ALEXANDER GREATLY REDUCES.

ANYONE HAVE AN IDEA WHAT TO DO ASIDE FROM DODGE?





THAT WAS
WRONG.

THOUGH I
MAY DIE
SOON,
TODAY...

...TODAY I
AM ALIVE.

TODAY I
STAND
TALL AS A
WARRIOR
AND SAY...



"I AM HERE.
I MADE THIS
HAPPEN."